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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1906.

More Investigation Needed.

Notwithstanding the provision of the
insurance law of New York forbidding
advances to agents, the two big insurance
companies, now fighting to preserve
the old regime of bad management, have
been accused of making such advances
for the purpose of giving agents the
sneak of war in their campaign against
the policy holders' organization. The
managers of these companies contend
that the law is not effective until next
January, but they are alone in this
contention, for the other companies take the
view that it is now in force and are com-
plying with it. Anyway, the practice is a
bad one, and ought to be stopped. The
fact without any quibbling over the drop-
out of the law, that the insurance com-
panies should raise any question about
abandoning such a pernicious practice
is pretty good evidence that they deserve
to be ousted to make way for men less
willing to expend other people's money
for personal ends.

But the unwarranted action of President Peabody of the Mutual Life and others in subverting agents is not likely to go without right scrutiny from State insurance departments. The attention of District Attorney Jerome has been directed to it, and the insurance departments of Kentucky and Tennessee have demanded their failure to comply with the law, on pain of exclusion from the privilege of doing business in those States. In addition, at the request of the Mutual Policyholders' Association, several State insurance commissioners, it is stated, will soon meet in New York to make a thorough investigation into the charges that money has been unlawfully advanced to agents for use in influencing the election of trustees. The investigation is badly needed. Some of the insurance companies appear not to have had enough investigating at the hands of the Arm-
strong committee.

This is the day for the "silent vote" to make a noise in New York that will be heard above all the din.

A Word for Littlepage.

We regret to note the bitter warfare being waged by the Charleston (W. Va.) News upon Mr. Adam Littlepage.
To just what office, or place of political prominence, Littlepage aspires, we are unable to determine, but that he is the object of profound and hostile editorial effort that harshly cuts and stings is easily gathered from a perusal of the columns of our esteemed but misguided contemporary. Whence he comes and whither he goes, we know not; but that Col. Littlepage deserves a place in the annals of fame as a friend of the newspaper man, and especially as an oasis in the desert of abbreviated effusions, we are fully convinced.
The paragraph possibilities encompassed within the confines of his name are many and exact. It runs riot through express companies and profanity to libraries and messenger boys. There are at least a hundred ways in which his name may be turned to good account, and still not exhaust all the material. He is a gold mine of promise amid a wilderness of stale and profitless matter.

Such a man deserves not the condemnation of newspapers. Let those of more ignoble calling who will scoff and sneer at Littlepage, but the newspapers should hail him as a well-spring of pleasure and an everlasting delight. As Adam was the first man, so should his latter-day namesake, Littlepage, lead all the rest, and serenely abide where pleasant persiflage abounds.

Long live Littlepage, Adam and all, say we, and a plague to all who would throw cold water, or printer's ink, upon him.

Leut. Peary telegraphs: "Roosevelt magnificent ice fighter." We hope this isn't intended as a dig at Mr. Fairbanks.

Immigration to the South.

In the arrival at Charleston of a ship-load of immigrants from Bremen may be seen the beginning of a movement desiring, it is hoped, to play an important economic and sociologic role in the development of the new South. For a long time the people of that region have cast long eyes upon the great stream of immigrants that yearly flows through the North to the West, and contributes so largely to the rapid upbuilding of the Western Commonwealths. The labor needs of the South have been growing with its increasing industrial enterprise, but the tide of immigration has hitherto set so strongly westward that its diversion Southward has been a matter of difficulty.

In the far South many Italians have settled, supplying an excellent class of farmers and farm laborers, and curiously enough, another race problem, for in Mississippi one of the topics of political discussion is whether the Italian's children shall be admitted to the white schools, and whether he is likely to become a desirable citizen. These questions are considered as settled in the neighboring State of Louisiana, so that they are not likely to perplex the people of Mississippi for long. It is true that some of the immigrants from Italy have been rated as undesirable, but it is also true that they show the same capacity for growing up with the country that has been displayed by other immigrants, and in a generation or two doubtless they will be as good Americans as the rest of the foreigners who have made this favored land their permanent abiding place.

South Carolina has accepted the policy, long ago tried with success by Northern and Western States, of inducing immigration direct from Europe to the future

home of the immigrant. No trouble is had, of course, in getting people to emigrate, but the really useful service rendered by a State bureau of immigration is in diverting immigration to localities where the newcomers may find a market and a habitation. This is a matter in which the Federal government may very properly take an active interest, and we are glad to observe that the Commissioner of Immigration has promised his hearty co-operation with the efforts of South Carolina to bring over a class of immigrants suited to her needs. The congestion of newly arrived foreigners in our great cities has aroused much concern, and the diversion of these people to more healthful and less populous communities is a work of national consequence. There is ample room in the South for many thousands of newcomers, and we trust that the efforts of South Carolina and other Southern States to change the course of immigration Southward may be crowned with success.

Congressman Landis remarked the other day, "The Lord was the first protectionist." Then Adam, and not Thomas Jefferson, invented the Democratic party.

Some Liars We Have Known.

We have heard something about an Ananias cup in New York in connection with the campaign just closed. Maybe it is an Ananias cup. It is difficult to keep up with things in New York. Such a cup, or belt, naturally suggests competition on the part of campaigners who willfully disregard the truth.
But how is it possible to award such a cup, or belt?

We have been in quest of a thought—a thought that might disclose, or devise, or identify, or lead to a plan that would insure an award in any sense equitable. We cannot find it.
There are so many liars in New York; so many kinds of liars; such inveterate, chronic liars, that to differentiate among them in awarding this cup, or belt, would require the wisdom of a Solomon. Eligibles are without number. They have been bobbing up here, there, everywhere throughout the campaign—on the stump, on the rostrum, in the press (radical and conservative, with magazine throw in); at the stock exchange, on the curb, in the hotel lobby, and at the bar.

People who do not lie have actually been in eclipse—hopeless eclipse—the whole campaign.
How can such a cup, or belt, be fairly awarded with all these Ananiases entered in a free-for-all contest for it, and running strong right up to the finish? They have lied about the issues, whatever they are; lied about the tide or drift, whatever that intangible thing is, and lied about each other. They have lied, lied from morning until night. Ananias himself, arch liar that he was, would hang his unworthy head in shame could he but see and hear these Ananiases he has left us—these contestants for that cup, or belt.

What do we see this morning as the result of this truthless contest? Two governors elected in New York? Ananias Woodruff elects Hughes by 160,000. Lesser Ananiases go him a few thousand better. Ananias Ihmsen elects Hearst by 200,000. There you are! You can see for yourself what such a contest comes to. How can that cup, or belt, be awarded—equitably awarded—when the accomplished contestants with their last gasp, are lying so persistently and so well?

Give every mother's son of them an Ananias cup, or belt. They've earned it. It's the only thing to do. They are cup-winners, or belt-winners, all. The countless people who do not lie will prove it at the polls to-day.

Only the counting of the ballots can determine whether or not the New York "common people" are as foolish as the cartoonists make them appear.

Rapid Industrial Progress.

Our industrial progress is measured in figures so vast as to require a stretch of the imagination to grasp their meaning. In a recent bulletin of the Census Bureau we are told that in 1905 the total value of the product of American factories, exclusive of the Government, was \$16,876,765,585. This total showed an increase in five years almost as great as the increase during the ten-year census period 1890-1900. In five years we had added 755,298 wage-earners to our payroll, increased the amount of wages paid by \$301,847,733, and the amount of output by \$3,391,025,956. These figures explain why we are able to absorb millions of immigrants, and account in large part for the steady increase in demand for agricultural products, which has kept their price at a remunerative level in spite of abundant crops.

Of special significance are the figures showing the concentration of manufactures in large establishments, which has become one of the conspicuous developments of our economic life. Although individuals own 52.7 per cent of the manufacturing establishments in the country, and firms 22.2 per cent more, incorporated companies, owning but 24.9 per cent of the establishments, employ 70.6 per cent of the number of wage-earners, 72 per cent of the wages, and produce 73.7 per cent of the total value of all goods manufactured. More than 37 per cent of the capital employed in manufacturing industry is invested in establishments having a capital of \$1,000,000 or over, and more than 81 per cent in establishments having capitals in excess of \$100,000. These last produce over 79 per cent of the entire manufacturing output.

Tinkering with the English Language.

There is one point in connection with the subject of spelling reform which possibly has not received sufficient attention—and that is the effect which the movement might finally have upon the characteristic form and texture of the English language. To be sure, Brander Matthews asserts that simplified spelling is to be limited to the elimination of superfluous characters, and does not involve phonetic spelling. But the tinkering habit is insidious in its growth and all-embracing in its scope, and if the reformers may tinker with our orthography, what is to prevent their tinkering with our syntax and prosody? Is Prof. Matthews certain that others would not bring about still further simplification of the proposed change be established? And should our vocabulary be lost thoroughly phoneticized, might not future reformers of the dryadist type try to simplify our forms of expression, and in the mad striving after economy of time and space, make the English language a more compact medium of thought by polishing and refrigerating it?

The word "viewpoint," for instance, is already taking the place of the phrase "point of view," thus depriving it, in a measure, of its original figurative and picturesque value. And to carry the illustration further, if the attempt to simplify and polish should continue, a fixed general rule may some day make it necessary for people of culture to stick closely to such forms as "observation-point," "departure-point," and so on. To take another example, we might, in the case of the word "matter," followed by a

prepositional phrase, run up against "conjunction-matter," "fact-matter," "form-matter," "indifference-matter," "serious-consideration-matter."

The English language is pretty well liked, and to some extent serviceable, as it is—as Shakespeare mispelled it, and Milton versed it, and Pope and Swift and Addison and Goldsmith refined it, and, in fact, as all our long line of literary geniuses have philosophized and sermonized and romanced and word-painted in it. And the Englishman, unfamiliar but slightly familiar with any save his native tongue, may well wonder, as he contemplates the great body of English literature, whether there is another so strong and at the same time so flexible. Surely any movement which even remotely threatens to impair its strength and lessen its flexibility should be approached with thoughtful hesitation. It would, indeed, be a sad whittling down from the big to the little should simplified spelling finally lead to simplified rhetoric and simplified rhetoric, result in desiccated prose and potted poetry.

Brandy and water are furnished free to all members of the Belgian Congress who deliver long speeches. We should like to think of the size of the Congressional Record if any such idea as that ever prevails in this country.

A Kansas farmer who has been displaying some cornstalks from his farm bearing six ears each, says "You'd better bother about tariff reform. Shucks! We should say not!"

The Atlanta Constitution doubts the usefulness of the Georgia railroad commission. Hoke Smith found it pretty useful as a door mat when walking into the executive mansion.

When the poor old Tammany tiger notes the numerous farmers standing around, he must wonder why in the world he didn't skip that last drink, anyhow.

Count Boni de Castellane has achieved one triumph—his own worse than any one gave him credit for.

The Charleston News and Courier declares that Senator Tillman has "battered" the newspapers of his own State for sixteen years. We do not know exactly what that means, but it sounds like something Senator Tillman might do to the queen's taste.

An Omaha man has been arrested for stealing a tiger. Mr. Croker seems to want Mr. Hearst arrested for assault with intent to do the same thing.

According to the Cleveland Leader, "no other city in the world lies so far above the level of the sea as Chicago." Still, the altitude of some of those New York campaign stories is hard to outclimb.

If Count Boni lived in the kingdom of Amann, he would probably be created nothing less than a Royal Highness.

If we are to believe some of our Philadelphia contemporaries, "the gas" certainly ought to be made to walk the plank.

Still, the fact that France has eight newspaper men in her new cabinet does not mean that the President of France gets any more free newspaper advice than our President.

The new Spanish battle ships are to be closely followed American models. No doubt about it. Experience is the best teacher.

The governor of Nebraska has sold the executive bath tub and announced his candidacy for re-election. Selling your bath tub in Nebraska is equivalent to "burning your bridges behind you," "crossing the Rubicon," and such familiar expressions.

Norfolk is disposed to complain because a quorum is never present on city council meeting night. It does look like even Norfolk would recognize a blessing so thinly disguised as that!

Over in Pennsylvania there are eleven "reform" tickets running against the men who already have the offices.

Mr. Bryan is also for Mr. Hearst, but the latter probably is thankful that Mr. Bryan has no Secretary of State to prove it by.

In doing Thanksgiving Day just twenty-three days after the New York election, Mr. Roosevelt probably intended for us to tell politics "skiddo" for one day at least.

An Indian preacher has arranged to deliver his own funeral sermon by means of a phonograph. Sort of a literal adaptation of the idea expressed in the old hymn, "Hark, from the tomb, a doleful sound."

In Sweden the passenger beds are provided with beds. Evidently Swedish schedules are run on the American plan.

Peary got within 23 miles of the pole, which is probably near enough for all practical purposes.

Something will have to be done to distract the attention of those women "suffragettes" in England, even if Parliament has to pass a law compelling monthly millinery openings.

We note that Hon. Able Evans is doing some mighty work for Democracy out in Utah; in fact, the tone of the Republican press indicates that he is raising Cain out there.

Incidentally, it will also be quite a relief to Vesuvius to know that it will no longer have to stand for daily comparisons of its muzzling abilities with those of New York politicians.

Kaiser Wilhelm has started a movement for taxing cats. Good idea; especially the prime cats and the bassio profundos who indulge in grand opera after dark.

Even if that turkey the President brought home with him was not really a wild one, we hope it had the good taste to look just as wild as possible when the President came into view.

According to Anthony Comstock, "Adam hid behind the skirts of Eve." Since Mr. Comstock has made that discovery we cannot help thinking what a lot of trouble would have been saved if Eve had only stuffed that apple core in her pocket.

The contest between Davenport and Oppen is also pretty fierce.

Mud baths may be, as physicians say, a specific for hysteria; but we hardly see why New York should take the treatment in such heroic style.

Straws may show which way the wind blows, but it's hard to tell the right direction by observing New York's two Straus.

To-morrow will decide for New Yorkers whether to be thankful for the turkey, or just thankful that the crow isn't any larger.

A Fine Risk, St. Paul.

Information gleaned from the columns of an esteemed contemporary leads us to believe that St. Paul, Minn., is an excellent insurance risk. Here it is:

"St. Paul has the reputation of being the healthiest city in the world, and received the gold medal at the Paris Exposition for health."

It may not be inappropriate to remark that the Paris Exposition for health was an unequalled success.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SONG OF NEW YORK.

As sure as sin some chap will win in our State to-day.
It may be Hearst; it may be Hughes.
Big bets on both they lay.
We hardly know whom we are for, we folks of common clay.
We don't know where we're going, BUT we're on our way.

Both Hearst and Hughes have ardent views they hope to put in play.
That is, the man proposes to who grasps the wreath of bay.
We hardly know what these views are for which we'll have to pay.
We don't know where we're going, BUT we're on our way.

Both Hughes and Hearst have roundly cursed throughout the bitter fray.
And each has placed before our eyes of facts a long array.
But what their facts and figures mean not one of us can say.
We don't know where we're going, BUT we're on our way.

As He Lit.

"Have you noticed that succession of heavy jars lately?"

"Yes, it is earthquakes!"

"That's Taft tilting from town to town."

Poor Man.

"Are they worthy objects of charity?"

"Rather. The father is a life insurance agent."

EARLY.

No matter how Elections go, I'll say right now: "I told you so."

Not Entirely Worthless.

"What can you say for this man?"

"His character is so, so."

"Does he ever look for work?"

"No; but I've known times when he didn't dodge."

"Nearly" Doesn't Go.

"I was nearly elected," declared the losing candidate.

But there was none to listen.

Running for office is not like searching for the pole.

Selish George.

"Just think of it! Every girl in our set has been divorced but me."

"Why, won't George let you have a divorce?"

"Oh, the ninny says he loves me."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

He has to wear a long frock coat.

That's buttoned close up to his throat.

His beard must always be in trim—No rough-and-ready shave for him;

His face must be a high silk hat.

(I wonder if he sleeps in that.)

—The Prominent Citizen.

He on the street must gravely walk;

He must not stop to stare and talk;

His face must be a high silk hat.

Of one who thinks things by the book;

Eye-glasses must be on his nose.

(I wonder if he sleeps in those.)

—The Prominent Citizen.

Each week he must be interviewed.

Must air his thought in stately mood;

Whene'er he rides, or sits, or stands,

He must have gloves upon his hands.

Must lift his gloves and say "Ahem!"

(I wonder if he sleeps in them.)

—The Prominent Citizen.

SIMPLIFIED IT.

"It's all very well to talk about simplified spelling," said Mr. Fortescue to Mr. Hough, "and no doubt you would be pleased with your name if it were spelled 'H-u-g-h' but I don't see how mine could be simplified to her."

"Why, your name is the best material in the world to work on. It could be written 'XLEQ'."

THE LIMIT.

"And you really, truly think that I am beautiful?" she asks, while he holds her soft, white hands in his manly clasp.

"Beautiful?" he answers, ecstatically.

"Beautiful? Yes, you are the most beautiful of all beauties!"

"But you only imagine so," she persists, for his line of argument is naturally interesting to her, if not convincing. "You could not prove that I am beautiful."

"Couldn't I, though? My darling, if you doubt my word, go to all the married men in town and apply for a position as stenographer. If any of them has the courage to employ you I will be willing to acknowledge that I do not know what beauty is."

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Love Will Find a Way.

From the Chicago News.

The beautiful girl tiptoed into the library, where her father was reading the sporting page and nursing a gouty foot.

"He—he has come, father," she faltered.

"Who has come?" roared the old gentleman.

"Why, Claude."

"What! Didn't I promise never to cross my threshold again?"

"He—he didn't cross your threshold, pa. He stepped through the trap-door on the roof. You see, he came in his air-ship."

Recepted Bills at Last.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

Hicks—Your wife was telling my wife that you've got all your Christmas presents paid for.

Wicks—Yes, paid for the last of 'em yesterday.

Hicks—Lucky dog! I haven't even been to think of the presents I've got to buy.

Wicks—Oh! neither have we for this year. My wife was speaking of last year's presents.

Not the Sunshine.

From Army and Navy Life.

There was an old man who was charged with illicit distilling and was brought up before the court. The judge, who was a witty fellow, asked the prisoner what was his Christian name. The prisoner replied, "Joshua," and the judge answered, "Are you the man that made the sun shine?"

And the prisoner replied: "No, sir, your honor; I'm the one that made the moon shine."

Suburban Bribery.

From Pick.

The Local Boss—Now of course, Mr. Earlytrane, I wouldn't try to influence you for the world, but this lady is Della McLannigan, and if you do vote right, Della will go home with you and work for \$12 a month. Incidentally, she'll agree to stay a year, at least.

PEOPLE OF NOISE.

Henny as a Prosecutor.

The district attorney at San Francisco has employed Francis J. Henny as a special assistant to prosecute the official harpies and other grafters now preying upon that sorely stricken city. Mr. Henny was first brought into national prominence by his prosecution of the big land-grafters on the Pacific Coast. He was practicing law at Tucson, Ariz., when the then Attorney General Philander C. Knox, selected him for this really heroic work. A Kentuckian by birth, he had gone to California when a mere boy, and, having fallen a victim to lung trouble, he sought the healing air of Arizona. He became attached to that Territory, and served it one term as attorney general. It was this service which attracted the attention of the Department of Justice in Washington. When he took charge of the prosecution for the government of the Arizona grafters, it was predicted by those who did not know him that he would fail. But Attorney General Knox knew better. From the first he predicted that Henny would achieve great results. He tackled single-handed a system of gigantic graft that was backed by a large part of the political, business, and social structure of the great empire that lies along the Pacific Coast, that had ramifications in Federal, State, and county offices throughout that section, and that even was entrenched in high places in Washington. He prosecuted to conviction and sentencing to prison one United States Senator, two members of the House of Representatives, the president and two other members of the Oregon private bank, a member of a government land office, two United States land commissioners, a special agent of the land office, the mayor of Albany, Ore., and several of the big "land kings" of California and Oregon.

To Succeed Mr. Hoar.

Following closely upon the death of the Hon. Rockwood Hoar, the Republicans of the Third Massachusetts district have now nominated for Congress a Harvard classmate of President Roosevelt, Chas. G. Washburn. Mr. Washburn is one of the President's real intimates and has frequently been called upon to deliver the White House during the past five years. He is a member of the famous Washburn family that until very recently has had representatives of distinction in national life from various parts of the country. Branches of the family have served Illinois and Minnesota with great renown in the Senate and other high posts. The district in which Mr. Washburn has been nominated is normally Democratic, having been represented in the House for several consecutive terms by the scholarly Mr. Thayer, who voluntarily retired from public life. It is the hope of the Republicans that their candidate will be substantially equal to the contest by his well-known intimacy with the President.

Studying the German Tariff.

Two representatives of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Messrs. S. N. D. North and N. I. Stone, and one representative of the Treasury Department, Mr. James L. Gerry, have been constituted a commission to study, and report upon Germany's new tariff system, the maximum and minimum, and they are now preparing to begin formally their interesting and important work. There is a grave threat of friction between the United States and Germany because of Germany's new tariff policy, which has a trade alliance in Europe against this country. Mr. North is Chief of the Census Bureau and Mr. Stone is the tariff expert of the Bureau of Manufactures, of which Maj. John M. Carson is the chief. Mr. Gerry is connected with the customs division of the Treasury Department. Mr. Stone is particularly well known among economists throughout the world as a careful and painstaking student of economic subjects, and to his credit is birth and rearing, his long career in the country after he was fully grown and before he could speak one word of English. He took a special course in the American Institute at Chicago and was then graduated from Columbia University, New York. While studying at Columbia he was one of the editors of the Century Dictionary. So well has he mastered English that there is now not a trace of foreign accent in his use of it.

Fifty Years in Public Life.

The record of Gen. J. H. Ketchum, who died the other day at his home in New York State, exemplifies an interesting fact—namely, that Americans do not seem yet fully to realize that it is their public men who serve them as long as do the public men of other nations. Gen. Ketchum was one of the editors of the Century Dictionary. So well has he mastered English that there is now not a trace of foreign accent in his use of it.

An Inveterate Kicker.

From the New York Sun.

"I wish," said the perplexed business man, "that some one would explain the psychological principle whereby the best of typewriters invariably spell certain words wrong. I have now in my employ a young woman who would write 'music' almost a hundred times a day if she had occasion to use the word. She often writes 'society' as 'society' and 'twenty' as 'twenty' and 'twelve' as 'twelve' and 'sixty' as 'sixty'. These are but examples of a score of errors of which she is constantly guilty. All these words are common words. The girl knows better than to spell them so, but her fingers unconsciously get the letters twisted. Every employee I have ever had made similar mistakes in other equally familiar words. Why do the fingers so persistently disobey the mind, in spite of determined effort to discipline them?"

He Had an Alibi.

From the Boston Herald.

Cyrus Brum, a somewhat well-known character in Tilton, N. H., lived near the railroad and was accustomed to use the track of the iron horse as a short cut home from his work in the mill. He was also accustomed to imbibe a little too freely now and then.

One night a drunken man was run over and killed on the track and the rumor went forth that Brum was the man.

"Why," said his friend, "I heard you were the man who was killed by the car on Wednesday night."

Brum looked puzzled for a minute.

"Why, no," he said, after thinking it over. "It couldn't have been me for I went home the other way that night."

Commercial.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.